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But vain the *benedicite*  
 Of tender, brooding sky;  
 And vainly peaceful, smiling fields  
 Gave eloquent reply.  
 Unsoothed, unmoved, in Nature's calm,  
 The Hussite army lay —  
 A deadly, threatening human storm —  
 With Naumburg in its way.

To swift destruction now seemed doomed  
 The dear old Saxon town —  
 Before Procopius the Great  
 The strongest walls went down —  
 But soon, upon the soft, calm air,  
 Came sound of tramping feet:  
 The Hussites quickly flew to arms,  
 Their hated foe to meet.

Ready they stood to face the charge —  
 The great gate opened wide,  
 And out there poured — not armed men,  
 But — marching side by side —  
 The *little children* of the town,  
 Whose bright eyes met their gaze  
 With innocence and courage all  
 Unversed in war's dread ways.

The men threw all their weapons down  
 At sight so strange and fair;  
 They took the children in their arms,  
 They stroked their flaxen hair.  
 They kissed their cheeks and sweet red lips,  
 They told how back at home,  
 They'd left such little ones as these,  
 And then they bade them come

To cherry orchards close at hand,  
 And there they stripped the trees  
 Of branches rich with clustered fruit;  
 Their little arms with these  
 They filled, and with kind words of peace,  
 They sent them back to town.  
 The soldiers then all marched away,  
 Nor thought of *war's* renown.

And now each year, at cherry time,  
 In Naumburg you may see  
 The little children celebrate  
 This strange, sweet victory.  
 Once more the sound of tramping feet  
 Is heard, as side by side,  
 They march throughout the quaint old town,  
 In childhood's joyous pride.

Once more they bear within their arms  
 Green branches, thro' whose leaves,  
 Ripe cherries gleam, that tell a tale  
 More strange than fancy weaves,  
 About a bloodless battle fought  
 Four centuries ago;  
 When *children* saved old Naumburg town  
 By conquering its foe.

### ANTONIO MELIDORI:

#### A CHAPTER FROM THE HISTORY OF THE GREEK REVOLUTION.

BY MISS MULOCK.\*

It was at the time when Greece was beginning to move  
 in her slumbers, and the Turkish yoke was already about

\*The whole of this story is found in a book of short stories by Miss  
 Mulock entitled "The Half-Caste," published by M. J. Ivers & Co., New  
 York.

to fall like green withes before her strong hands. The  
 giant was awakening throughout the land; the names of  
 Ipsilanti and Marco Bozzaris were whispered far and  
 wide, and men began to look at one another — Turks and  
 Greeks — with threatening and suspicious eyes. As yet  
 the dawning of this new spirit had not been felt in Candia.  
 The Sphakiotes lived at peace in their mountains. The  
 olives were gathered, the vines were pressed, and the  
 sound of the distant war came more like a murmur heard  
 in dreams than a waking reality. Now and then a few  
 of the youngest and most daring of the Sphakiotes might  
 been seen talking earnestly together, and anxiously seek-  
 ing for news from the mainland, where the strife was  
 going on. But the flames of Tripolitza and Corinth did  
 not reach to the peaceful shores of Candia.

Near the top of Mount Psiloriti a young girl stood,  
 laden with a basket of olives. She carried it on her  
 head, and the attitude gave to her figure all the free and  
 unrestrained grace of ancient sculpture. Her face, too,  
 was purely Greek, modelled after the form which ap-  
 proaches nearest to our conceptions of ideal beauty.  
 The Sphakiote girl might have stood for one of the olive-  
 bearing priestesses in the processions of Ceres. As she  
 waited, her eyes rested on the summit of the hill, follow-  
 ing the motions of a young mountaineer who came leap-  
 ing down. It was the old tale, as old as the time of  
 Helen of Troy. Foolish, shy maiden, who would not  
 move to hasten that so-longed-for meeting, but stood  
 there with her beaming eyes, her brightened cheek, wait-  
 ing for her lover!

"Antonio! Antonio!" she murmured long before he  
 could hear her; and her stature dilated and a look of  
 pride mingled with her gladness as she watched him  
 descend the mountain-side, as active and graceful as a  
 young deer.

The admiration of personal beauty seems to be inherent  
 in the Greek nature. In ancient times it was a positive  
 worship; and the most perfect in form of both youths  
 and maidens had crowns and honors bestowed on them,  
 even as the poets and warriors. In other lands this feel-  
 ing might be degraded into materialism or sensuality, but  
 with the imaginative Greeks it was the worship of the  
 ideal — the image of a dim and indistinct divinity, which  
 to their mind could only be shadowed forth and embodied  
 in the most perfect human loveliness. They united the  
 idea of the good and the beautiful, believing one could  
 not exist without the other. Thus, while their gods were  
 the types of the most divine beauty, the noblest and most  
 beautiful of their men were elevated into gods. And  
 even now this old worship lingers in the land, which has  
 truly been described by the poet as a body whence the  
 spirit is departed. There are no people more beautiful,  
 or more susceptible in their perceptions of external beauty,  
 than the modern Greeks.

Thus, while the young Sphakiote watched her lover,  
 and noticed how magnificent was his manly beauty, her  
 heart thrilled with pride that the noblest of the mountain  
 youths was her own.

"Philota! dear Philota!" sounded the pleasant voice  
 of Antonio; and he stood beside her. A classic eye, to  
 see them, would have thought of Paris and Enone on the  
 Trojan mountain which bore the same name as this  
 Cretan hill — "Many-fountained Ida."

"I have waited for thee long, Antonio," murmured  
 the girl.

"Forgive me, Philota. I lay dreaming on the hilltop, and forgot thee — no, not forgot; that I could never do; but my thoughts were busy. Come, let me take the olive-basket, and we will go to the place which made my thoughts wander."

A sigh, so faint as to be almost inaudible, moved Philota's lips. He thought of many things, she of him only. It was the difference between man's love and woman's.

They ascended the mountain, and stood on its summit, hand-in-hand. The whole island was before them, like a pictured scene; it lay at their feet sleeping in loveliness.

"How beautiful — how calm it is!" whispered Philota.

"O Antonio, if we could live forever in this still happiness, thou and I!"

A restless movement in her lover made the girl look in his face; it was clouded. "The holy saints forbid!" he muttered between his teeth. She did not hear him; it was well she did not, for the words would have pierced her heart like a thorn. And yet he loved her better than all things on earth, except one, and that was ambition.

"Thou dost not enjoy this scene as I do, Antonio. Something has troubled thee to-day. Tell me what it is."

Antonio turned away before those soft, loving eyes; there was something in his heart which he could not lay open at once to their gaze. "How well thou readest my face, Philota!" he laughed, or tried to laugh.

"Then there is something?" the girl pursued.

"I had not meant to tell thee; but I must. My dearest, it is not worth that anxious look of thine. It is only that I have been to-day on the mountain with Rouso and Anagnosti, and they told me that the war is coming nearer — even to our shores."

"Antonio! and thine eyes brighten — thy frame dilates with joy, whilst I shudder," said Philota.

"Ah, there will be no more idle staying at home!" the young man continued, as if he had not heard her.

"No more gathering honey, treading olives, keeping goats, while one's arm is strong — strong to fight. Look, Philota, far down in the bay there is a flash, they are already trying the guns with which our new governor has armed the harbor. Listen! the noble governor, Affendouli, is already forming troops in the mountains, and Rouso and Anagnosti have joined them. Rouso will be made Captain of Sphakia. Dost hear, Philota?"

She stood, no longer sustained by his entwining arms, which, in the energy of his declamation, Antonio had removed; her face was bent, her eyes fixed on the sea; there was in them a mournful meaning, but he saw it not. Without waiting for her answer, the young Sphakiot continued: "Rouso was so proud with his new arms — the poor mean boy whom I taught to use a gun! — how he sneered at mine, with its rusty lock! And he is to be captain of a band, and will become a hero, while I" —

Philota turned slowly round, and her pale face met her lover's, which was flushed with anger and excitement. "Dost thou wish to go too? Is this what thou hast to tell me?"

He had been all along preparing himself to reveal to her his desire; yet now, when she guessed it of her own accord, and his scarcely formed thoughts were uttered plainly by her, he could not answer a word, but played confusedly with the silver chain of his belt.

"Antonio, I have seen thou hast not been happy of late. There is more in thy heart than I can satisfy. I am only a poor weak girl, and thou a noble man, full of great

thoughts and aspirings. Hush! do not say nay. It was ever so. Love is all to me; but thou needest something greater. What is it?"

He looked at her in surprise, for her voice, though sad, was calm, and there was no anger in its tone. "Philota, I love thee — none but thee. I swear it! This fool Rouso has taunted me; he said I chose to stay and toil in the mountains when all our Sphakiotes were going to fight against the Turks. I would have proved him a liar — I would have joined the governor at once — but for" —

"But for Philota: is it not so? I love thee; but my love should be a garland of flowers to adorn thee, not an iron chain to fetter thee," said the girl, using the metaphorical language of her clime. "Antonio, thou shalt go."

There was a deep silence between them. At last the young man broke it: "Hast thou thought of all that must follow this, Philota? Thou wilt be left alone, and there will be no bridal feast with the olive harvest. Antonio Melidori is not so mean as to wed thee and leave thee. Philota, thou art nobler than I. I will not go."

Philota threw her arms about his neck. The heroism of a Greek maiden lay deep in her soul; but it was yet sleeping. She was still a girl — a timid girl. She wept tears of joy when her lover said he would not go to the wars.

"It would have killed me to part with thee, Antonio, even though I told thee to go. Ay, and I would never have prayed thee otherwise had it been against thy will. But war is so terrible a thing. Thou seest only its glory; I think of its miseries. I fancy thee pursued, wounded — slain; and then I would die too."

"Foolish girl," whispered the lover, while his fingers played tenderly with the shower of black hair that lay on his shoulder; "thou forgettest all the honor that would have been thine when I came back a general. Think how our maidens envy the fortune of the wife of Ipsilanti — how glorious is the destiny of the wives of the heroes in the Morea."

"I have heard of only one, who saw husband and son slain; and then fought in their room — the Lady Bobolina. Had I been she, I would have lain down and died with them."

Melidori's eyes were fixed on the bay. "There it flashes again; it is a signal to gather the troops. Anagnosti said so. Why must I stay behind like a coward?"

He muttered these words indistinctly; but they fell on the girl's ear like a funeral knell. She saw the chafing of the proud and ambitious spirit; she knew that she held no longer the first place in Antonio's heart — that a stronger power than love had sprung up there, and ruled triumphant. The knowledge broke her girlish dream forever.

Philota looked at her lover as he stood, almost unconscious of her presence; his fingers clenched tightly on the silver-mounted pistol which every Greek carries in his belt; his beautiful lips compressed until their rosy curves became almost white. His thoughts were far away from her; and Philota saw it. One moment her hand was pressed on her heart; her lips opened, as if to give vent to the terrible cry of anguish that wrung her soul; but it came not. The struggle passed, and her resolution was taken.

"Antonio!" — she laid her hand on his arm, and he started as if it had been the touch of death instead of her soft, warm fingers — "Antonio, I have changed my mind. Thou shalt not stay at home, but go and fight for Greece

with the rest and come back covered with the glory thou desirest so much!"

The young Sphakiote's countenance became radiant with joy. "Thou sayest this from thy heart, Philota?" "I do."

"And thou art happy — quite happy?"

"Yes; if it makes thee so."

True woman's heart! Self-denying heroism of love — your strength is more than the strength of armies!

A few days more, and Philota was alone. There was no hand to aid her in her daily journey up the mountain, or to relieve her of the olive-basket which she carried to the honey-gatherers. Antonio Melidori was gone to the wars.

In that stirring time, when every day the sound of battle grew nearer, and every heart learned to beat with the fierce excitement of war, Philota alone was calm; no enthusiasm brightened her cheek when she saw her lover depart — the noblest of the band of young Sphakiotes which he led with him to the governor Affendouli. Even the cry of patriotism was to her an empty sound. Her imagination was never dazzled by that watchword, which is too often only another name for ambition.

It was strange that at such a crisis, and in such a land, this one Greek maiden should have thought thus. But in her childhood she had been brought up by her mother's brother, a priest in the Greek Church — that Church which so long held fast the peaceful doctrines and pure worship of the primitive Christians. Then it was that Philota learned to look upon war as odious; and as her clear and earnest mind matured into womanhood all the tinsel of fame fell from the idol, and left it in its own naked hideousness. The fair image of glory which blinded the eyes of Antonio was to Philota nothing but a loathsome skeleton.

Month after month the girl followed her lonely occupation on Mount Psiloriti, while her lover fought under the banners of Affendouli. Tidings reached her of his bravery and his high favor with the general. "I am a captain now," Antonio sent word; "higher than Rousso." When she heard it Philota smiled; but it was a faint, sad smile, for she feared the stain of a gnawing ambition was already creeping over his spirit. "Antonio — my Antonio!" she wept in secret, "I can love thee, I can pray for thee; why is it that I alone dare not glory in thee now?"

Before the autumn waned Melidori came home. Again Philota and he walked together along the woody slopes of Ida; but there was a change. Antonio talked now not of her or of his love, but of conflicts which he had sustained, of honors which he had won — won through the midst of horrors of which the relation made the gentle girl shudder. He looked at them as merely common things, laughed gaily at her cowardice, and said how brave a soldier's wife ought to be. Alas! even that dear name brought no bright smile to Philota's lips; and as she leaned against her lover, the steel-covered breast of the soldier of fortune seemed cold and repulsive compared with the shepherd's garment of old. Philota felt it was an omen.

They came to the place whence the whole island could be seen. "Look, Philota; there lies my band in that little dell. Do not you see their flags flying above the trees? There is one banner that I bore myself — how torn and blood-stained it is! Oh! that was a glorious victory of ours!"

Philota sighed heavily.

"What! art thou not glad? I thought thou wouldst be so proud of my fortune — even of me;" and a shade of vexation darkened the young soldier's cheek.

The girl looked up in his face. "I am proud of my Antonio; more than of the captain of Affendouli."

"Well, well — as thou wilt. Women are so fanciful," added Melidori to himself.

Antonio, darker and darker was the stain creeping over thy soul — shutting out affection, and trusting faith, and true devotion; and in their stead was already stealing selfish ambition! Fool! who would rather be loved for the poor tawdry robe of popular greatness, in which thou wouldst fain be clothed, than for thyself.

"I see thou carest little for my honors, Philota," he continued. "Perhaps thou wouldst rather I had remained a poor drivelling peasant on the mountains? I thought all girls took pride in their lovers' glory; but it seems not so with thee."

"Antonio, dost thou remember the day when there was an olive-feast? — when, one after the other, our young men arose and sang songs that the impulse of the moment produced? Thou, too, didst pour out thy heart in a chant so glorious, so beautiful — it was of the old times which are dimly remembered in our traditions — that old men wept, and young men's eyes flashed, and a shout of applause greeted thee that echoed to the mountain-top. Did I not glory in thee then, my Antonio?"

"It was a poor triumph: a puling song, fit for girls only," answered Melidori, scornfully. "Deeds, noble deeds alone can make the man."

"Well, then, dost thou remember that stormy night when the old Armenian ascended the mountain, and there was no one to follow him in the darkness and fearful tempest — no one but thee; how thou didst save him, and bring him back to the village, and wouldst not take one piastre from the rich man's offered gold? Who was so proud of thee then as thine own Philota?"

"But all others said I was mad; and if I had perished on the mountain, where would have been my glory? Who would have remembered the name of the poor shepherd boy?"

"God!" said Philota, solemnly. "The glory of this one deed is worth all thy warlike renown."

He looked at her, and saw how her stature dilated and her countenance shone with a brightness almost saint-like. He understood her not, and yet was he struck mute by her earnestness. There was in that meek woman — she was no longer a girl now — who had lived all her life on the mountains, a nobleness of soul that silenced even the bold chief whose name was regarded as a tower of strength by his soldiers, and honored by the general himself.

"Come, we will talk no more of this, dear Philota," said Melidori gently, almost humbly. "Let us descend the mountain."

The following day Antonio departed; for the Turks had attacked Sphakia, and the war had entered the island itself. The next tidings that reached Philota were that her lover had been wounded, though slightly. He had been left in a cottage on the outskirts of the town, his band having fled: single-handed he cut his way through the Turks, and escaped with a trifling wound.

"The cowards!" he wrote to Philota; "that there should be cowards even in my band; that they should leave their leader to be slaughtered in cold blood! It was one man's doing; I suspect who; but I will be revenged

one day. Yes, when I have conquered and the enemy is driven from Candia, then I will be revenged."

Philota sank, crushed to the earth with pain. Revenge, not love was then the goal of his hopes now! Moreover, she guessed better than Antonio the insidious tongue which had whispered revolt to Melidori's troop. It was Rousso's—Rousso, who had tempted him to the war—Rousso, over whom he had risen in command—Rousso, who had wooed, and been scorned by, Antonio's betrothed. The quick-sighted girl at once comprehended the whole, and she trembled for her lover.

The history of the Greek revolution in Candia records the glory of Antonio Melidori; how he became regarded as a mountain chieftan, whose deeds emulated the fame of the ancient warriors of Greece; how mothers prayed that their children might be like him; how maidens delighted to praise his beauty of person, his many acts of generosity, his unequalled bravery; how there was not a child in the island who could not lisp the name of Melidori.

And all this while, far among the mountains, to whose fastnesses many of the Sphakiotes were compelled to retreat, throbbed the poor heart to whom this burst of glory had only brought desolation—the only heart that truly loved the young chieftain whose fame was on all lips. There, alone, almost forgotten, yet never forgetting, lived Philota.

(CONTINUED.)

#### ETERNAL PEACE.

BY IMMANUEL KANT.

(CONCLUDED.)

The command here, then, is: "Seek first the kingdom of the pure, practical reason and its righteousness, and your object, the blessing of perpetual peace, will come about of itself." For morality has this peculiarity, in itself, and also in respect of the principles of public right which it furnishes, and hence of *a priori* politics, that the less it makes its course dependent upon the proposed object, whether that object be a physical or a moral good, the more directly does it lead as a general rule to its attainment. This arises from the fact that it is the general will, given *a priori*, whether of a single people or of different peoples in their relations to one another, which alone determines what is right among men. But this union of the will of all, if we only proceed consistently in carrying it out, even through the mechanism of nature, may at the same time be the cause of bringing about the purposed result and of realizing the idea of right. Thus, for example, it is a fundamental dictate of moral politics that a people should unite to form a state only in accordance with the principles of freedom and equality as conceptions of right, and this principle is based, not upon prudence, but upon duty. However much political moralists may reason, on the contrary, that the natural propensities of a mass of men forming themselves into a society will render these principles powerless and prevent them from working out their proper effect, or seek to prove their assertion by examples of poorly formed constitutions (for example, of democracies which did not have a system of representation) in ancient or modern times, yet they deserve no attention; especially, since such a pernicious theory naturally tends to produce the very evil which it predicts. According to this theory man, with the other living machines, is thrown into a class which only need to have the consciousness

that they are not free beings, to render them in their own estimation the most miserable of all the creatures on the earth.

*Fiat justitia, pereat mundus.* This somewhat pompous, proverbial saying is entirely true. It may be rendered in our language: "Let justice be done, though all the rascals in the world thereby perish together." It is a bold principle of right which cuts right across all the crooked methods devised by craftiness or violence. But it must not be misunderstood, and interpreted as a permission to push one's own right with the utmost severity. This would be a violation of ethical duty. It is to be understood as putting those in power under the obligation not to refuse anyone his rights, or even to diminish them, either out of dislike for him or sympathy towards others. For this purpose is required above all else an inner constitution of the state in accordance with the pure principles of right, and further also a union of it with other neighboring or remote states for the legal adjustment of their disputes by a method analogous to that which would be employed by a universal state. This proposition means only that political maxims must not proceed from the welfare and happiness expected to arise to each state from following them, nor from the end which each state from choice makes its object as the highest empirical principle of political wisdom, but from the pure concept of right as a duty, from the principle of *obligation* given *a priori* by the pure reason, whatever may be the physical consequences of such a course. The world will by no means perish because the number of bad men in it becomes smaller. That which is morally bad has in its very nature this characteristic, that in the effort to carry out its purposes, especially in relation to others of like mind, it is antagonistic to itself and self-destructive. Thus it makes way for the morally good, even though it may be slowly.

There is thus *objectively* in theory no antagonism at all between morality and politics. Subjectively, however, because of the self-seeking propensities of men (which, because not founded on rational maxims, must not be called really practical tendencies), such antagonism may and will always remain, because it serves as a whet to virtue. The true courage of virtue, if one proceeds according to the principle, *Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito*, in the present case does not consist simply in meeting with a firm purpose the evils and sacrifices to be encountered, but in looking straight in the face and overcoming the far more dangerous, lying and treacherous, yet sophistical principle in us, which basely and cunningly puts forward the weakness of human nature as a justification of every sort of transgression of right.

In fact, the political moralist may say: Ruler and people, or people and people, do each other no wrong, if they make war on each other by violence or cunning, although they of course do wrong in refusing all regard for the concept of right, which alone is able to establish peace and make it permanent. For, it is urged, while the one violates his duty toward the other, who in turn responds by a like spirit of injustice, they serve each other right when they mutually ravage each other, provided they do it so as to leave enough of the race to keep up the sport to the latest times, in order that their remote successors may take warning from them. The method of Providence in the course of the world is in this way vindicated; for the moral principle in man is never